

POETRY.

SUBLINE POETRY.

A correspondent of Blackwood, thus paraphrases some of the predictions of Malachi:

A sound on the rampart.

A sound at the gate.

I know the round towers.

How to her mate.

In the thicket at midnight.

They roar for their prey.

That shall glut their red jaws.

At the rising of day.

For with its descending.

On Zion's proud towers.

It shall come like a cloud.

It shall wrap like a shroud.

Till like Sodom, she sleeps.

In a sulphurous shower.

For behold the day cometh.

When all shall be flames.

When Zion's sackcloth.

Shall cover her name.

When they look for deliverance.

Of death shall be driven.

When they see the lightning.

From earth shall be driven.

When the oven, unkindled.

By mortal, shall burn.

And chaff shall be blown.

In the furnace of war.

And, thus to show them.

Dust to dust shall return.

'Tis the darkness of darkness.

The midnight of soul.

No moon on the depths.

Of that midnight shall roll.

No starlight shall pierce.

Through that life-chilling haze.

No torch from the east.

Of the temple shall blaze.

But, when Israel is buried.

In final death.

From a height o'er all.

God of God, Light of Light.

Here the sun shall arise.

Her great Saviour be there!

Then the sparks of flame.

From his chariot wheels build.

Shall emit the crowd's howl.

Of the God of this world!

Then spires of agony.

The trumpet shall thrill.

From the lips of the archangel.

On Zion's sweet hill.

Far, ventured in glory.

They marcher shall come.

And from Jerusalem and sea.

Shall send the pale slave.

Lead Judah shall rise.

Like the soul from the tomb!

Who pines from Heaven!

The angel of wrath.

The whirlwind his path.

And the lightning his path.

Richard is uplifted.

It carries a word.

'Tis Eternal be earth.

The march of his Lord!

Sun, sink in eclipse!

Earth, earth, shall stand.

When the cherubim wing.

Bear the King of thy king!

Wo, wo to the ocean.

Wo, wo to the land!

'Tis the day foretold.

'Tis the judgment hour.

Gid thy sword, then! Most Mighty!

Thy lightning is won.

The lot shall turn.

In his own glory divine.

Then, daughter of anguish.

Thy dayning shall shine!

Proud Zion, thy spirit.

With the alive shall bloom.

And the mute stone shall

Unswear down on thy bill.

For earth is restored.

The great kingdom come!

SPRING.

The sweet south-west, so long

Sleeping in other climes, on sunny seas.

Or dallying with the orange-tree.

In the bright land of Spring.

Wakened up and laughingly awakes

Like a glad spirit of the south sky.

The laborer at his toil

Feels on his cheek its dewy kiss, and lifts

His open brow to catch its fragrant gifts.

The aromatic crop

Borne from the blossoming garden of the South—

While its faintest scents linger round his mouth.

The bounding birds look up

To cheer the sun-light, while it lingers yet

On the warm hill-side, and the violet

Opens its azure cup

Meekly, and countless wild-flowers nod to find

Their earliest incense on the gales of Spring.

The reptile that had lain

Forlorn so long within his wintry tomb

Pierces the mud, ascending from its gloom

Up to the light again.

And the little snake crawls forth from cavern chill

To bask as erst upon the sunny hill.

Continual songs arise

From Universal Nature—birds and streams

Mingle their voices, and the glad earth sings

A second psalm!

Sunshine, and song, and fragrance—all are thine.

Thrice blessed Spring—thou hastest gift divine!

No Earth alone

Has had a blessing for the human heart.

Balm for its wounds and healing for its snare.

Telling of Winter down

And bringing hope upon the rainbow wing.

Type of Eternal Life—thrice blessed Spring.

MISCELLANEOUS.

RECOVERIES OF THE WEST.—Few persons

are so susceptible of realizing what the ex-

plains of the valley of the Mississippi, though

every body has been talking and writing about

these twenty years. A writer in the New

York Review sets this matter in a most forcible

light as follows:

"Look at it in that valley are one million four

thousand square miles to be reclaimed, about seven

times as great an area as the whole of England,

Scotland, Wales, and the islands. Look at it

in ten minutes, and find it, from the cleared fields

of Ohio and Indiana, to the edge of the barren prairie

of the west, fertile beyond example, almost level,

or slightly undulating, and accessible in every direction.

Never was there a finer country for the agriculturist: standing at

his farm-house door, in the heart of Ohio, in Illinois,

or Indiana, a thousand miles from the salt water,

he may see his produce afloat on its way to New York,

to Europe, in a very few years, five complete lines of water and

railway communication will exist between Ohio and the ocean,

four are now in operation. Nor is that valley destined to be

less eminently manufacturing than agricultural. Ohio, if we

rely upon her geologist, (Mr. Mather) contains as much bituminous

coal, of good quality and easy access, as all England and

Wales and Ohio in this respect is, he thinks, no richer than the

western part of Pennsylvania, western Virginia, and Kentucky:

judging from the little that is known, Indiana, Illinois, and

Missouri, are probably underlain to considerable extent by the same

mineral treasure. Nor is it coal alone that bounds in the West

from the head waters of the Cumberland river across Kentucky

and Ohio, extends a bed of iron ore twenty miles in width.

Tennessee is filled with iron ore, and the most lately opened

mine in Indiana—who has not heard of the Missouri mountain

of this precious metal. Already do Pittsburgh and Cincinnati,

yearly manufacturing some 7 or 8 million dollars worth of iron

articles, and the iron ore of the West is not only abundant

but also of fine quality, and in quantities, large in number, and

the finest freestone found in the greatest profusion.

"Here, then, is a land, the soil of which

is the richest in the world, the interior of which is far more

easy of access than the interior of any country in Europe,

and filled with mineral wealth. Within its limits grow maize,

wheat, hemp, flax, tobacco, cotton, and sugar. It is a land

which needs no artificial aid, and which is a world within

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The Ohio Observer.—The Cleveland Observer has become the Ohio Observer, with a change of editor and of the place of publication. The Ohio Observer is published at Hudson, Ohio, and edited by Rev. E. P. Barrows, formerly of the City street church, in this city. The Ohio Observer is published at Hudson, Ohio, and edited by Rev. E. P. Barrows, formerly of the City street church, in this city. The Ohio Observer is published at Hudson, Ohio, and edited by Rev. E. P. Barrows, formerly of the City street church, in this city.

AN HONEST ATTORNEY.—An attorney, on the marriage of his son, gave him £500, and handed him over a chancery suit, with some common law actions. About four years afterwards, the son asked his father for more business. "I asked you that capital chancery suit," replied the father, "and then you have got a great many new clients, and then you can go to the law."

THE SUCCESSION.—The late Mr. J. M. Brown, of the late firm of J. M. Brown & Co., of Cincinnati, died on the 10th inst. at the age of 75 years, and was succeeded by his son, J. M. Brown, Jr., of the same firm.

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